

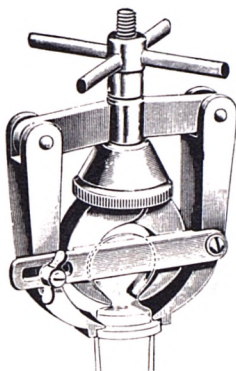
# THE WORMWOOD REVIEW

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down like stairways, up like smoke--

du crow ma  
iris  
jerimoco,  
all these lives  
all this flesh;  
these boulevards  
these names  
these ways;  
du crow ma  
iris  
jerimoco,  
it's a long drive in  
as the crow  
smiles;  
miles and miles to  
home.  
and it's all crossed by  
threads and tender  
lightning;

du crow ma  
iris  
jerimoco,  
it hurts inside like a  
diamond I can't reach.  
the summer is a place for the  
fly.  
the walls bang like  
drums.  
this is why I sleep  
late, this is why  
when my daughter runs across the room  
I wonder about  
killers  
spiders  
freightcars  
Lexington, Kentucky and  
coat hangers.  
du crow ma  
iris  
jerimoco,  
the Spaniards had it  
right -- they knew what to wait on and  
watch for.  
I burn my fingers lighting a  
cigarette.

#### Another Academy

how they can go on, you see them  
sitting in old doorways  
with dirty stained caps and thick clothes and  
no place to go;  
heads bent down, arms on  
knees they  
wait.  
or they stand in front of the Mission  
700 of them  
quiet as oxen  
waiting to be let into the chapel  
where they will sleep upright on the hard benches  
leaning against each other  
snoring and  
dreaming;  
men  
without.

in New York City  
where it often gets colder  
and they are hunted by their own  
kind, the men often get under the car radiators  
drink the anti-freeze,  
get warm and graceful for some minutes, then  
die.